

50 GHOSTBUSTERS II BOOKS TO BE WON

MARVEL
18th Nov 89

THE REAL

N975 40p

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GHOSTBUSTERS™

I REFUSE
TO BELIEVE
THIS!

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Welcome to issue seventy-five of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and an extra special welcome to Dan Palmer, from Bournemouth. He was the winner of the **DESIGN-A-SPOOK** competition way back in issue fifty, and as you all know, the prize was to have a story written around your 'spook'. Well, here it is, and what a fantastic story it is too. The Real Ghostbusters return to HQ only to find that all is not what it used to be, and they certainly aren't home, sweet, home! Anyway, that's **Deadquarters** for you. Congratulations, Dan.

You'll have second thoughts about taking a bath after reading **Friday night is Fright night!** If there's a chill down your spine when buying an ice-cream, then you've got to read **I Scream!**

Now is your chance to tell us your favourite Ghostbusters stories, artists, writers etc. Yes, it's **The Real Ghostbusters Readers Poll** again. So get your thinking caps on and fill out the form. Also, there's a competition to win one of fifty **Ghostbusters II** books. So, what are you waiting for!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE



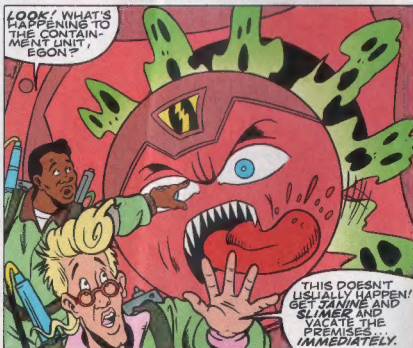
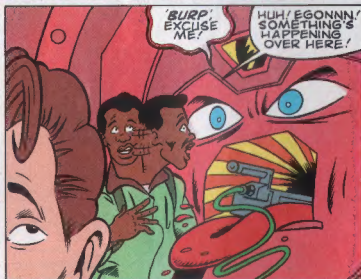
JANINE MELNITZ

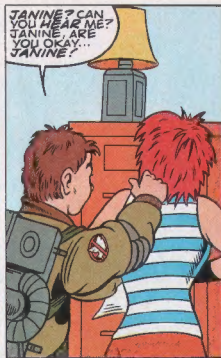
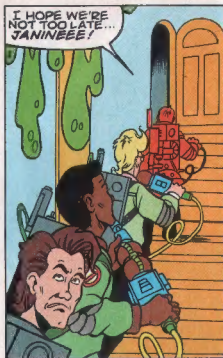
SLIMER

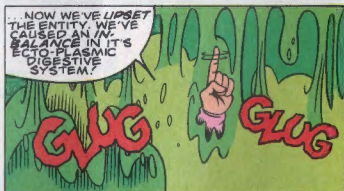
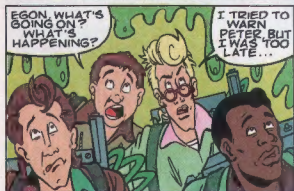


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Expert though some eminent ghosthunters are, they still make mistakes and fail to correctly identify the true worth of supernatural objects before it's too late. Here are some classic examples:

ONE GREEN BOTTLE

In the introduction to his Spirit Guide, Tobin recounts, with some shame, an event from his youth when he was apprenticed to the Sorcerer-Craftsman of Nuntimania, a wizened old warlock called Gignanmewt. One evening, Gignanmewt demanded that Tobin should clean up the laboratory, for it was in (I quote) "worseger shape than the worsester shapey thinge that ever doth toe it uppon the Urth". Tobin does remark later that Gignanmewt was one of the most inarticulate and ungrammatical High Mage ever to twiddle the ceremonial thulking straps. Annoyed that the old and somewhat unhygienic wizard was off to bed and leaving him with the onerous task of polishing the retort stands and spooning up the ecto-goo, Tobin set to work with a frenzied and angry carelessness. Mercilessly cleaningout the shelves, he dumped about a dozen old green bottles in the wicker waste bin (a bin he describes as 'shaped like a pit fiend surprised by a larger-than-normal burp', a fact that is not crucial, but I



PART 75

feel atmospherically interesting). The bottles he considered to be full of dormant ectoplasm, and therefore about as useful as training wheels on a Harley-Davidson. Eleven of the bottles did indeed contain dormant and useless ectoplasm. The twelfth contained an imprisoned Class eighter called Furtwak, who was already nineteen years late for the game of Pro-Celebrity Muffling that he'd been on his way to when caught. Rolling up the sleeves of his numbered jersey ('666' - Furtwak played in the 'Pointyback' position), the demon whacked Tobin on the head with a Numbly racket he carried in case the Muffling ran into extra time. All that saved the young apprentice from being bounced to death was the fact that Gignanmewt had forgotten

GUIDE

his cocoa and returned to the lab in a bad mood. The green bottle containing Furtwak was later clearly labelled.

DON'T MENTION IT

Vondahuck relates a story about a small wooden icon that came into his possession some years ago. The icon, as it turned out, was the property of a massively powerful Class Nine demon who had lost it some years before. Unfortunately, the demon had a name so foul that nothing could ever utter it and live. He was therefore known as 'The Un-nameable'. One day, having traced the icon, he turned up at Vondahuck's door. "Excuse me," he said, "I'm er ... I'm er ... can I have my icon back please?" "What?" said Vondahuck, "This little icon inscribed with 'This icon belongs to er ... me?'" "Yes," said the un-nameable one. "No," Vondahuck replied, "It belongs to me."

WITHOUT SAYING

It goes without saying that I shan't mention the story of Halibutt, who was clearing out his lab with great carelessness one day. He threw a first edition Tobin on the bonfire, took six Elizabethan Cobbaddobbadies down the bottle bank and slung out Gutthart's magic boomerang. The Tobin burnt, the bottles smashed, and the Boomerang hit him in the back of the head.

Ghostbusters go
airborne with the
ECTO-2 Vehicle

PETER
VENKMAN with
P.P.F-Fright Features
and Gruesome Twosome.

Change
the little old lady
into gruesome Granny Gross.

Hair-
raising RAY STANZ
and Jail Jaw Ghost.

Blast
the Gulper
with the Ghostbusting
EGON SPENGLER.

Jaw-
dropping WINSTON
ZEDDMORE and Scream
Roller.

Take
on the awesome
Tombstone Tackle.

Help
JANINE MELNITZ
scratch the Tickler Ghost.

Take
the law into your
own hands with the X-COP.

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But hurry, they have a habit of disappearing!*

ASDA

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WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL

Wednesday, 8th November 1989

Of course, we all blamed Peter for this week's disaster. He couldn't really have been responsible for all the trouble, but when you get buried under twenty tons of rubbish, you like to blame someone, don't you? But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me tell you how it all started. It had been one of those quiet weeks, where very few ghosts were reported and Peter started to worry about his bank balance. Apart from two Class three spirits that had been making nuisances of themselves in a phone booth on Fifth Avenue, I hadn't been on a bust for three days. This meant only one thing – we were due for a major incursion. In the meantime, Janine got us all doing one of her favourite occupations – tidying Ghostbusters HQ.

"The place is a mess," she told me sternly, as I threw twelve more pizza cartons into the dustbin. "None of you have any idea what the word *clean* means!"

"Clean – make or become clean (of dirt etc.)," began Egon as he staggered towards the dustbin with several boxes of broken test tubes and other weird looking objects. "Eat all the food on one's plate; remove innards of –"

"Oh, shut up, Egon!" shouted Janine. "The fact is, Ghostbusters HQ is a tip. You never bother to tidy up at all!"

"Hey, we do work a lot you know," I protested whilst watching Ray shake a carpet, out of a second storey window, all over Peter who was cleaning the windows on the first. "We have a busy sort of business."

"Well, not at the moment," replied Janine. "So I intend to make the most of having you all here, doing nothing."

"But we aren't doing *nothing*," spluttered Peter. "We're cleaning . . ."

"Excuse me," Egon cut in. "I don't know if it's just me, but did that dustbin just move?"

We stopped arguing and turned to stare at the bin while Egon carefully put down the boxes he was carrying. The lid of the dustbin rattled a bit. "Cats?" I suggested.

"Slimer!" snarled Peter, pulling off the lid and staring into a mess of rotten eggs, some decaying cauliflower and some of Ray's old socks. "Yeugh!" said Janine, holding her nose. "Not even Slimer would be in *that*."

"What's all that ecto-slime doing in that dustbin?" I said.

"Well, ever since you told me not to pour it down the sink," explained Peter, "I've been very careful and only scraped it into the bin."

"You did what?"

"I scraped it into the bin, and –"

"AND GAVE ME LIFE, GHOSTBUSTERS!" squeaked the dustbin.

"We could be in serious trouble here," muttered Egon, as the bin suddenly sprouted legs, developed a vicious expression to a very nasty looking face, sprouted arms and grabbed its lid from a stunned Peter.

"Definitely," agreed Peter. "Ecto-slime and smelly rubbish. I am not getting covered in that!"

"YOU'RE DOOMED!" squawked the bin, its lid clanking between the words. "DOOMED!"

"Run!" shouted Peter. We already were, straight round to the front of HQ as the bin followed us. Peter ran straight into Ray, who was carrying even more rubbish out of the building.

"What the –" he began.

"No time for that!" shouted Egon. "Grab your Proton Guns!" As if we needed to be told. The bin clanked its way towards us, sucking up the rubbish Ray had dropped.

"New York City could use that on its streets," quipped Peter.

"But it's getting bigger," Janine screamed, "It looks angrier, too!"

"Blast it!" I shouted. We did. The bin staggered, keeled over, then lay still as we bathed it in proton energy. "OH . . . DEAR . . . clanked the bin, 'I NEVER WANTED TO BE A CLASS TWO ANIMATED PARANORMAL, ANYWAY . . .'"

"Was that it?" said Ray. "Pity – I could have used some more excitement."

"You may get it," replied Egon. "Peter –"

exactly how long have you been scraping ecto-slime into the dustbins?"

"Oh, not long," Peter said, far too quickly. We looked at him sternly. He looked at his feet. "Erm . . . six months?" "SIX MONTHS?!" we shouted.

"Maybe less," Peter said. "It's not something I've exactly been keeping track of!"

"We have to get to the city dump," Egon insisted. "There's no telling what sort of damage all that ecto-slime could have done!"



It took us about two hours to get there; the traffic was pretty bad and the dump was quite far out of town. After all, we are talking about the city dump for New York, right? That's a lot of rubbish. Some of it is put on floating barges until the City works out what to do with it, but we went to the main dump. Seagulls wheeled overhead as the manager hurried up to greet us. "Hey, good to see you!" he said, shaking us all by the hand. "So, you got my message?"

"Message?" Peter replied.

"Yeah – I sent one of my men down to see you last week. People keep disappearing up here, you know, and I keep hearing these strange, sort of ghostly, sounds . . ."

"No-one saw us from here," I said. The manager scratched his head. "Funny

that," he replied. "I don't think I've seen my man, either, come to mention it . . ."

"Well, we've had a few problems with rubbish ourselves," said Egon, checking his PKE Meter, which started beeping like a crazy thing. "It's possible he could have been . . . kidnapped" "IF YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD PROBLEMS," came a spectral wail from behind us, "JUST HOLD THAT POSE FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REALLY THINK ABOUT!"

We turned, to see a mountain a rubbish, comprising various dustbins, several skips, thousands of newspapers, more of Ray's old socks and some scared dustbin men. "I don't believe this," I said, not believing it.

"It's so stupid," added Ray.

Egon studied his PKE Meter. "Not a very strong PKE reading – a bit weak, in fact."

"What do you expect? It is rubbish!" said Peter. "This is going to be a complete waste of time."

"YOU'RE RIGHT," said the mountain of rubbish. "I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHERED. SORRY." With that, the PKE levels dropped to zero and the rubbish collapsed on top of us. Not only was it Peter's fault that the rubbish started acting up in the first place – he had now got us buried in it!

"I can only assume that the rubbish expected rejection, because it had already been thrown away once," said Egon.

"You mean – the rubbish wanted to be loved?" said Ray, pulling himself out of the mess.

"Exactly," said Egon.

"Well, that was an easier bust than I thought it would be," I said. "We'd better go back and tidy up HQ again . . . still more things to be thrown out . . . er guys? Where are you going?"

Well, have you ever seen three grown men talking to rubbish in the hope it will come to life? Weird. Anyone would think they didn't want to be bossed around by Janine . . .

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS READER'S POLL!

Sixty issues on and it's time for the second staggeringly wonderful **Real Ghostbusters Reader's Poll!** Sixty issues of terrifying ghosts, spooky stories, creepy covers and fiendish fun, and now it's time for you to let us know all your favourites in five different categories. The categories are:

1. Favourite Cover. Just think back over all the fantastic covers we've had since issue fifteen, then when you've decided on one, just write down the issue number.

2. Favourite Artist. Whose artwork do you like the most? Many artists have drawn The Real Ghostbusters over the past sixty issues, but which one is your favourite? Will it be Brian Williamson, Anthony Williams, Andy Lanning or one of the other talented artists who have brought you the adventures of your favourite heroes.

3. Favourite Story. I know, we love them all as well, but there must have been one story, just one spooky tale that you thought was really, really brilliant. Could it be Ecto-X! Ponquadragor II Demon War! or maybe even Elevator of Doom! Anyway, just jot down the title of the story that most gripped you!

4. Favourite Ghostbuster. Who's it going to be -- Peter Venkman, Egon Spengler, Ray Stantz, Winston Zeddemore, Janine Melnitz, or even Slimer!

5. Favourite Ghost. Think back over the past sixty issues, back to issue fifteen, then decide which ghost, spook or monster terrified you the most.

Once you've decided on all your favourites, write them clearly onto a postcard, or the back of an envelope, and send it to:

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS READER'S POLL,
MARVEL COMICS LTD,
13/15 ARUNDEL STREET,
LONDON WC2R 3DX.



All votes to arrive no later than **8th December, 1989** and the results will be published in a future issue of The Real Ghostbusters.

SKATEBOARD SPOOK

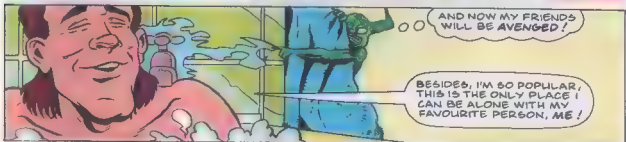
He was bony, he was spooky and by golly, he gave Peter a hard time trying to bust him. He was the Skateboard Spook, and he was terrorising a local skate park. Poor old Peter didn't know what the others were letting him in for, when he found himself atop a skateboard, Proton Pack and Gun at the ready.

The mobile monster was probably the spirit of some unfortunate skateboarder who had traded his soul to be the most dynamic wheelie-dealer the world, or even the Underworld, has

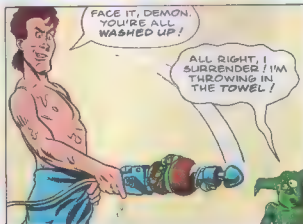
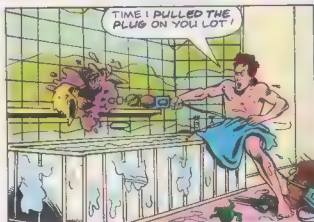
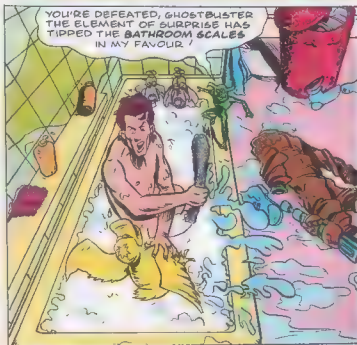
ever witnessed. He had not reckoned with Peter's amazing abilities on four wheels though, and the rest of the Ghostbusters were pretty astounded too. Not because of the amazing belly flops and twists that Peter displayed, but more by the fact that he had never before stepped foot on a board. A fact that irritated the Skateboard Spook more than simply being busted. All this, though, goes to show just one thing . . . you're skating on thin ice when you're dealing with The Wheel-Ghost 'Busters.



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Graphic Novel

Beauty and the Beast



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WENDY PINI

BASED ON THE TV SERIES CREATED BY
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forever trying to keep
them apart, two very
special people fight to
keep their love alive

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written and illustrated
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A tale of
fobidden passion
from **Marvel**

GHOST WRITING!



Yo, Uncle Peter V here to answer more of your red hot questions. So, if there's anything you want to know – just ask!

Dear Peter...

I have got some questions:

1. In your movie 'Ghostbusters', Ray said "Don't look in the traps!" Why?
2. Are all four of you parapsychologists?
3. In the movie you destroyed Mr. Stay-Puft! Couldn't you get him in the trap?

– Bernard Duensing, West Germany

Guten tag, mein Freund. 1. Well, it was early days for us Ghostbusters. We didn't know what would happen. Would you risk it? No, I didn't think so! 2. Egon, Ray and I were all fully trained parapsychologists, but Winston wasn't academically qualified when he started. I suppose you could say he was

trained in the School of Life, or is that the Afterlife. 3. Right, let's settle this once and for all! Mr. Stay-Puft was the form of the Destructor that Gozer sent to destroy us. This means that Mr. Stay-Puft is only a host body for whatever evil entity happens to be inhabiting it at the time. Thus, Stay-Puft can never really be busted, just the possessing spirit!

I would like to ask you a few questions:

1. When you put ghosts in the Containment Unit, how come ectoplasmic ghosts can't just float through, like Slimer?
2. My mum reckons that you are so uncool and not a good Ghostbuster and reckons you should be sacked. What do you think?

– Thomas Pitt, Mansfield

1. The reason ghosts can't float through the Containment Unit is because there is an Ion Grid that shields it. This grid is impermeable to ghosts. Did your mother help you with this question by any chance? 2. Hmmp! Anyway, what do you know. Mansfield's a pretty uncool place, too!

I think you are the coolest person in the world, please could you answer my question:

1. What's a parapsychologist?

– Alan Ward, Hornchurch

There you are, see? Somebody thinks I'm extra cool! 1. A parapsychologist is two psychologists, isn't it?

I have three questions to ask you:

1. What type of knowledge do you think Egon will have when he is ninety-nine? I think he will know all the scientific research of present and past.

2. In the Fact File Escapologeist, it said that when you got back to HQ, you found the trap empty.

Whereas, in the story, the Escapologist carried the trap back from ECTO-1 as Egon drove away!

3. Also in issue eleven, the Inspectre managed to make ghosts disappear. How did he manage this?

– Michael Hudgell.

1. Hmm, bit of a toughie, this one! He already does know all that scientific stuff, so I guess he'd probably be an expert on slippers and cocoa, cardigans and things like that! 2. Well, you know, after so many busts the memory gets a bit hazy. Hey, we can't all be Egon! 3. Simple! Because he was a ghost himself! Okay?

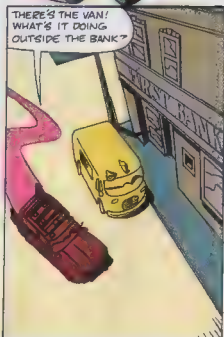
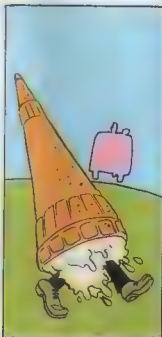
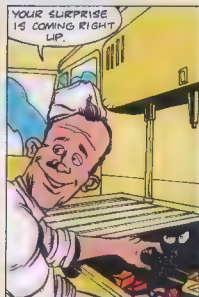
I would like to know where you can get a copy of Tobin – A Junior Guide, which was in issue sixty-eight. P.S. Slimer is ace.

– Stephen Byrnes, Glasgow

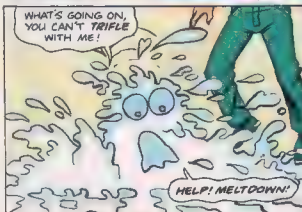
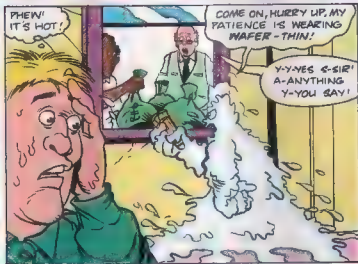
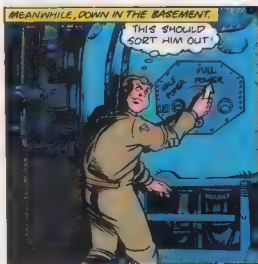
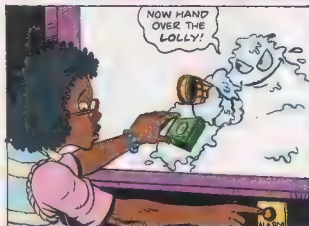
Phew! A copy of Tobin – A Junior Guide is a rather rare book. There are only a few in existence, but maybe if you rummage around at Jumble Sales, and the like, one might just turn up. I can't remember where Egon got his copy from but then again I wouldn't. P.S. You like Slimer?

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

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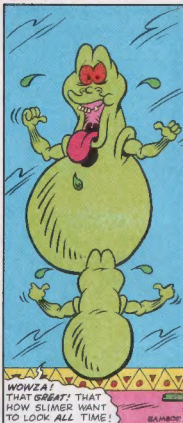


Story JONATHAN BERNSTEIN Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS Lettering STUB Colouring ANDY MAIR





SLIMER IS IN THE FUNHOUSE LOOKING AT THE CRAZY MIRRORS!



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



What do you get if you cross an owl with a wolf?
A wise old howl!
— Emma Baxter, Hertfordshire

Why was Dracula put in jail?
Because he tried to rob a blood-bank!
— Michael Ord, Canterbury

How do you know that a sausage doesn't like being fried?
Because it spits!
— Jennifer O'Brien, Ireland

What does an executioner like to write?
His chopping list!
— Simon Riches, Perth

What is small, grey, sucks blood and eats cheese?
A mouse-quito!
— Beverley Harmon, Middlesex

Why was the moth so unpopular?
Because it picked holes in everything!
— Andrew Straker, Wavertree



50 GHOSTBUSTERS II BOOKS TO BE WON

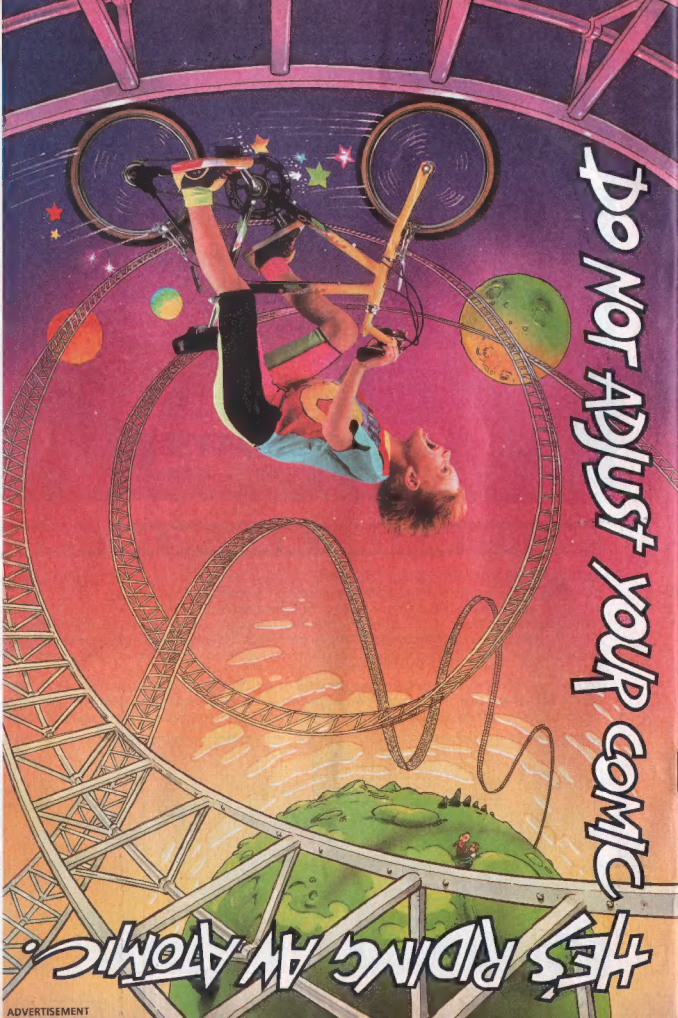
Well now, no-one can say that the Real Ghostbusters isn't the most earth-shatteringly generous comic in the Supercosmos, because it's competition time again! Yearling Books are generously offering not one, not two, not even three but fifty **GHOSTBUSTERS II** novels, featuring no less than 16 photos from the film. All you have to do, to be one of the lucky winners, is spot the five differences between the two pictures below. Simply list the differences and add your name and address to the back of a postcard, or sealed envelope, and send it to: **GHOSTBUSTERS SPOT-THE-DIFFERENCE COMP**, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel St, London WC2R 3DX. Entries to arrive no later than Thursday, 30th November 1989, then if you're one of the first fifty correct entries pulled out of the postbag, on the day, one of these fabulous prizes will be winging it's way to you faster than you can say Psycho-Kinetic Energy!



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